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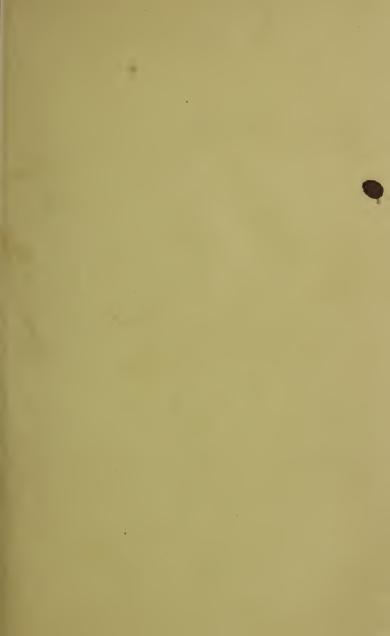
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FOR WOMAN.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

TURKEY.

MISSIONARY CALLS.

BY MISS SEYMOUR.

I HAVE just returned from a short tour in the villages with Mr. Wheeler; and I will try and tell you some of its incidents while they are fresh in my memory.

We spent our third night away from Harpoot, at Kempt, a notoriously wicked place. The truth had apparently gained no foothold there; and the prospect did not look very encouraging to our preacher and his nice little wife. one of our scholars. As we were asking about the people, he spoke of the richest family in the place, in which were sixty souls: there were three grandfathers and three grandmothers, married sons and grandsons amounting to fifteen, with wives and children making up the remainder. One of the priests of the village belongs to this family. 33

When Mr. Wheeler said, "We must do something to wake up the people here, suppose we go to this house and call," I must confess my heart sank within me at the proposition to go to a priest's house. But I did not know what the Lord might do for us; and, silently committing ourselves to his special protection and guidance, I followed Mr. Wheeler through the mud and the crowd of barking dogs, till we arrived at the door. The preacher and his wife also accompanied us. We first entered a long stable, at one end of which, on a raised platform, several men were sitting. Though they are said to be the richest people in the place, there were no external signs of wealth, except the long rows of cows, buffaloes, and donkeys quietly munching their food in the same room with their masters.

On seeing us, one man said, "Let the women go to the women's department," and then led the way to the place where the wives and children were congregated. He ushered us into a large, low room, looking as much like a cellar as any thing else,—the walls, floor, and ceiling all of earth, without an article of furniture, or a carpet on the cold floor. The women were scattered here and there; some caring for their children, some picking cotton from the pod, all very busy. As nobody rose to welcome us, I went forward to one of them and said, "We heard that you had a large house and a great many people in it; and we thought we would like to come and see you." She then brought a soiled mat, put it down on the floor, and we seated ourselves. They almost all had large piles of cotton in the pod before them; and, as I spoke about their work, one said,—

"This pile I must finish to-day. We each have our daily share measured out to us."

[&]quot;Who portions it out?" I asked.

[&]quot;Our medsera," she answered, meaning "our great ones," and referring to their husbands.

A man, who had evidently been drinking, came in often to see what we were doing, and several times pushed his little girl across the floor to us, saying,—

"There is a scholar for you. Teach her to read."

Markarid, the preacher's wife, said pleasantly, —

"Yes, I will, if you will give me a book."

"If you want these women to read, you must give them a Testament all round," he answered.

I read to them the parable of the rich man who resolved to pull down his barns, and build greater. One woman said, "You have nothing in the world to do; but, if we should sit down and read, what would become of the mending, and the children, and the cattle?" Markarid attempted my justification; but I don't think she made much impression. Just then a message came from Mr. Wheeler, saying he was ready to go. He said he thought it advisable to leave, as a soldier had just come, saying that guests of distinction had arrived, and were already at the gate.

Saturday we reached Harboosie, where we were to spend the sabbath. The people there have done nobly. Their large new chapel was built with some aid from the Board; but the addition, containing a study for their pastor, two sitting-rooms, a kitchen, a summer-room, with a girls' school-room besides, was an enterprise entirely of their own. Oh, how it rejoices our hearts to see marks of progress and refinement in their homes! The walls of the pastor's sitting-room were adorned with a large map of the world, very nicely painted on cloth by the pastor himself; a plan of Solomon's temple in colors, sketched by his daughter Hatoon while in our school last summer; and near this a flower-picture, composed mainly of marigolds and four-o'clocks.

Hatoon and Sarra, her mother's sister, both our pupils, were overjoyed to conduct me on Monday morning to their new schoolroom, and show me their twenty-four scholars,

all girls. As this was only the first week, they were hoping the number would increase. The enthusiasm of these dear girls did me good, believing, as I do, that their joy in this work springs from love to Christ. The boys' school, too, has a wide-awake Christian teacher. Three of the large boys were not provided with books; and no amount of talking on the part of teacher or pastor could persuade their parents to buy them. These men came in on Saturday with quite a company of others; and the brethren made no scruple of openly speaking about these derelict fathers. Mr. Wheeler kindly asked one of them to sit down by him, and said,—

"Now, if a vartabed (bishop) had come to this place fifteen years ago, would you have been sitting by him, as you do now beside me?"

"No," was the answer.

"Where would you have been?"

"Meekly standing over there by the door," said another.

"And what makes the difference?" asked Mr. Wheeler. "Is it not the gospel that makes men of you?" He then went on to speak of their pastor, whom they all delighted to honor, and asked what placed him head and shoulders above all the people. The man could not but acknowledge that religion and intelligence had given him this pre-eminence. It did not need much more argument to convince the father, that, by withholding the needed books, he was standing in the way of his son's advancement.

"But, Bodvelli," one brother laughingly persisted, "the vartabeds now permit the common people to sit down in their presence."

"Yes," said Mr. Wheeler. "But why? Because they are afraid they will lose you all if they don't."

Yesterday I saw a bright girl whom I remembered as a beginner in reading last winter; but on inquiry I found her

mother had sold the book, thinking it wasn't worth while for a girl to read. I expressed my sorrow for this to the mother, who was standing near, when, with a gesture of impatience, she took hold of my fur collar, and said,—

"You have time to read. You come here in your comfortable clothes; but look at the difference!" And she held up one corner of her tattered dress.

"Ah! my sister," I replied, "you have well said there is a great difference; but what makes it? It is just this same blessed gospel, that brings light and comfort and peace to all who will accept it. My clothes are better than yours, my home is far pleasanter, and I expect I am much happier than you; and why? It is not that I am naturally any better; but these are some of the blessings the gospel brings to men; and I have come from a gospel land to try and persuade you to read this Bible, to love and obey its precepts." The woman promised me, before I left, that her daughter should have another book, and begin to read.

Pray much, dear sisters, for the women of this land. Some are chosen and dear to the heart of Jesus. I believe he has his elect among those who still sit in darkness.

ZARHOUHI'S LETTER.

WE are indebted to the ladies of the New-Haven Branch for the following letter, written to one of their auxiliaries by a Bible-reader under the care of Mrs. Leonard of Marsovan:—

My beloved Sisters in Christ,—I have long desired to write you a letter of thanks for your having shown love very great in sending us your beloved ones. They are also much beloved by us; and, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of never-dying souls, they labor unceasingly. From you and from them we are very thankful to know that you not only remember us, but that you.

have a care for other parts of the world. This love is very wonderful. Behold, my dearly loved Mrs. Leonard and Miss Fritcher, when I was a weak, ignorant girl, cared for me, and, bringing me into school, labored for my improvement. I was unworthy such blessings; and I confess with grief, that, on account of much weakness, I did not gain as much knowledge as I desired. Yet, however much I grieve on this account, I also have great joy that the Lord is pleased to use such a weak servant in his service. Thanks be to his holy name, that such an ignorant one as myself is permitted to labor in his vineyard, and that, by your help and Mrs. Leonard's encouragement, I have commenced this blessed work!

It may be interesting to you to hear something of the places in which I have labored. Seventeen months ago I went to Hodji Keng; and the preacher of the place welcomed me gladly to his home. As I found opportunity, I visited from house to house, and was everywhere received with kindness, and entreated to repeat my visits. Thus they showed me much love, and listened gladly to what I had to say. Passing by the church one day, I saw the priest sitting by the door, and giving instruction to the women. My ear caught these words, "It is not well that women learn to read."

Hearing that, I could not remain silent, but, drawing near, said to the priest, —

"Why! do you think that women have no souls?"

"No," he replied. "I do not think this; but their hearts and natures are very bad."

"Then," said I, "it is the more necessary that they should learn to read, that they may improve."

To this he was not able to give answer; and I continued, "In the sight of God all souls are equal. Is it not sufficient that you have walked in darkness thus long?

I entreat you to leave such vain ideas, and to study the word of God. You remember you must give an account of the manner in which you teach this people."

Many opportunities like this I had of talking to the people; but finally, on account of much weakness, I was obliged to return to Marsovan. In a few weeks I went to Urjice Rupii. There also I found many friends, and labored among them with much love. The kindness I met everywhere, and the joy that filled my heart while there, I cannot express with my weak pen. Wherever I went, the women would gather around me and listen with tearful eyes to the words of life. I remained there three months. My parting with them was very trying. The women escorted me out of the city; and many tears were shed as we separated.

After a while it was thought best that I should accompany my sister and brother-in-law to Amasia, that we might labor together there. When I reached there, I opened a school for small girls. I commenced with two pupils; but, increasing from day to day, it finally numbered thirty-two. On account of the great heat there, I have come to Marsovan for a short vacation; but, if the Lord will, I intend to return soon.

Thus you see, that, wherever I have been, there is much work; but the laborers are few. Let us, therefore, pray the Lord to raise up laborers to enter into this great work. But I must not write more: however much I may write, I cannot make known all the love and desire of my heart. My heart is full of joy always, that I am permitted to labor in this blessed work; and, with thanks to you for your kind help, I send loving salutations to you all, and to all the friends of my beloved Mrs. Leonard. From your weak sister in Christ,

ZARHOUHI.

INDIA.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me" are the tender, gracious words with which the Saviour would win the heart of each mother who has earnest aspirations for her child. If the mother draws confidingly near her Lord, the child will not be afraid of him. Think of the young heart that so readily blossoms into the prayer, "Bless papa, mamma, and me," and then think of the child whose religious training consists in being taught to put its hands together before the grotesque idol Pulliar.* If the Hindoo mother is earnest in her religion, she has unweariedly taught her little one to remember the idol when he passes by it, and to do it reverence. And then, on special days, he is made to bring his little offering. He must pour oil over the already filthy head, and put a garland around its neck, and spread fruits before it, and the child shares in the service. Just in proportion to her fervor, is her influence over her little one.

Thoughtful mother, is there not here a lesson for you?

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS ANDREWS.

In a letter from Miss Andrews, dated Tungcho, Sept. 2, 1872, after speaking of the daily routine of her life, interrupted by the heat of summer, she says,—

"Some time in June last, I made a visit which was very agreeable to me, and may be of interest to you. It was to

the native town of my Bible-reader, Mrs. Tsua, — a large, pleasant village called Tsanlingchwang. I went to the place last year, going and returning the same day, as it is only about seven miles from here. But Mrs. Tsua was anxious that we should remain longer this time, so that her relatives might have an opportunity to hear the truth, free from the crowd of outsiders, who always gather at our coming. She was sure her aunt would gladly give us a place in her house for the night; and we accordingly devoted two days to the trip, Mrs. Shefféld going with us.

"The visit was much more satisfactory than the others had been, because there was a better chance for quiet teaching. We had a great many listeners all the time; some lingering till nine o'clock in the evening, and others coming before six the next morning. As a good deal of the curiosity about us had passed away, we were able to talk more about the truth, and less about other things. One pleasant little incident of the visit was that we held family prayers the morning we were there. All the household, consisting of an old lady, her son, his wife, and two children, were present, and two or three neighboring women came in, notwithstanding the early hour, - half-past five. It was the first time, I suppose, that the voice of prayer had ever been heard in the village. I was pleased with the quiet, respectful way in which they listened; and it was gratifying to think, that, for once at least, a Christian service took the place of idol worship. They have a large Buddha in the house, to which they burn incense daily; but we were glad to see that they seemed quite convinced of the folly of it, and almost ready to give it up. The old lady, her son, and daughter, appeared ill at ease while they listened to the truth; and they took many little opportunities during the two days to talk with Mrs. Tsua about destroying the idol, evidently feeling that they ought to do so, but shrinking from the consequences of such a step, — the scorn and ridicule of their neighbors. She knew well how to sympathize with and advise them; for she had passed through the same hard struggle herself three or four years ago. Most earnestly we sought to convince them that their false worship was not only folly, but sin against God; and our constant prayer since has been, that they might have grace to put away the sin, and turn to him. I wish I could tell you that they had made such a decision; but we have just heard from there, and the idol still stands. I suppose we cannot understand how much it costs to take such a step.

"Of all the people who seemed interested in hearing us, the one who especially attracted me was a blind man, - a fortune-teller, I learned afterward, - a young man with a bright, quick mind, who listened with an eagerness I have rarely seen in China, taking in the truth so readily, and seeming so hungry and thirsty for it, that it was a real pleasure to talk with him. He came in the first day, just as I had opened my Bible to read the account of the blind man who was healed at the gate of Jericho. I don't know what effect that incident had upon him; for he said nothing, and I did not speak with him that day, though he staid till late, listening while we conversed with others. But the next morning he came early before many had gathered, and sat by me for more than two hours while I read and talked with him about Jesus and the way of salvation. He asked no questions about any thing else, and seemed to care for nothing but the truth; and when I stopped, feeling that he had already heard more than he could remember, he asked for the books, that the teacher of the village might read to him when we were gone. The best of it was, that he appeared to listen not as to a pleasant story, but as to something he himself needed and wanted. He said he should come to Tungcho to hear more of the truth,

as did a number of others who became interested. Mrs. Sheffield and I had many pleasant talks, sometimes with a crowd, and again with only two or three.

"I saw more, during this visit, of Mrs. Tsua's power in teaching and talking than I have ever seen before; and I was very much pleased with the good judgment she showed in answering their objections, as well as with her knowledge of the truth, and readiness in explaining it. She has an experience of her own, from which she draws freely; and she speaks with an earnestness that seems to come from a warm heart. Of course there are many places where she understands the wants and needs of the people better than we can do, and knows how to meet them. I was only confirmed by the experience of those two days, in the opinion I have long held, that, with God's blessing, she may make a very efficient helper.

"It is a relief and a comfort to me, when weary and cast down, to know that hearts at home can understand and realize something of the burdens that rest upon us, and are bearing them with us in prayer. Our great need is of God's Spirit to breathe upon these dead that they may live. Oh! dear sisters who have wrestled with God and prevailed many times, I beg of you pray for us; wrestle with us for this great blessing till it come! Oh! pray that we may not be left alone, that the blessing may not be long delayed, and that our faith fail not in the waiting."

[&]quot;Faith, mighty Faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

Our Pork at Home.

WEEKLY-PLEDGE SYSTEM.

LETTER FROM A CO-WORKER.

Dear Woman's Board, — We have been trying for a whole year to establish a society auxiliary to yours in our little town. We have appointed officers, enrolled twenty-six members, and employed two self-denying young ladies as collectors. They have called a few times on every member, and at the close of the year made up the aggregate of our contributions forty-eight dollars. To gather this small sum, two educated young women have toiled forty hours, — four working-days, — having called on ten ladies three times.

Is there a way to save all this time and travel? We have heard of "The Weekly-Pledge System;" and we have thought it might increase our contributions, and oblige each one to be her own collector. Now, we want to know particularly about this system. Is there any unnecessary machinery about it? Do ladies find it easier to give a little each week than to lay aside a certain amount for the year? Do they ever forget to bring the money at the end of the month? Our collectors have called many times when the lady did not have the money by her, but would send it next week, and, after next week, the call had to be repeated; and yet we believe that every member of our auxiliary society loves the missionary cause. A dear sister told me yesterday, that she had received a sum of money unexpectedly, and that she wished to give it at once, before

it was used for any thing else. Have others had the same experience?

Please write us all about it, and oblige,

A CO-WORKER.

This letter, received a day or two since, brings to notice "The Weekly-Pledge System," upon which so many of our friends wish information, that we take the opportunity of answering it for the benefit of others.

In these days of many charities, conscientious giving has come to be a very important matter; and it seems strange that people otherwise exact and methodical should leave this duty so much to chance or impulse. What plan can be adopted that shall systematize benevolence, and place it on a firm basis? We turn to our infallible guide, and there we find written, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him." What could be plainer or more practical? - to remember on the sabbath how God has blessed us during the week, and to return to him a tithe, be it large or small, of what he has given us. Any thing that may be a means of hastening these millennial givings deserves attention; and such we consider, in a small degree perhaps, our weekly-pledge envelopes. The habits of those who are mothers now may mould the principles of the men and women of the next generation; but the present benefits of the system are by no means small.

We sympathize most heartily with the trials of collectors, having ourselves, when inexperienced, gone the distance of a mile and back, six times, to obtain a dollar subscription. With what perfect ease could the donor herself have taken one of the little envelopes to the treasurer, at the monthly meeting of the auxiliary, or the church prayer-meeting; thus saving twelve miles of weary walking, and the often

uncomfortable feeling that the collector herself is a "beggar," and asking a personal favor.

The "machinery" of the plan is very simple. It may require a little more thought and attention than merely to pass over a dollar or two when it is asked for, sometimes scarcely knowing for what it is intended. But is this an objection? Is it not better that even a small sum of money should be given intelligently, and followed with prayer, that it may accomplish the good for which it is designed? For the forgetful ones, the waiting envelope is a reminder that cannot easily pass unnoticed. It may be overlooked, it is true; but experience has proved that the delinquents are few; and even the careless gradually fall into the routine, so that it gives but little inconvenience to the treasurer.

Then there is another consideration: we women are but gleaners in the Master's field as yet, although it does seem as if he looked upon us with a favorable eye, and was letting fall the handfuls for us; and we think the envelopes are admirably adapted to receive small sums of money that would otherwise slip from the purse unheeded. Many of our friends - lukewarm ones, perhaps - who might think a dollar a year quite enough for the Woman's Board, but who would find it no hardship to drop a five-cent-piece once a week into an envelope, might be surprised, at the end of the year, to find they had given more than twice as much as they intended. But it is not necessary to confine ourselves to small sums. Could not the dear sister whom God had so prospered that she had a large amount to be given "before it was used for any thing else" place it securely in her envelope, where it is no more hers than what she has actually paid out for household expenses?

Indeed, among those who have tried the system, there seems to be but one opinion, — that it is simple, easy, and

effective; that the contributions are larger, and more easily gathered, than under any other arrangement; and we take the liberty of answering our friend's letter in this public way, that we may most earnestly recommend it to all our auxiliaries.

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

FROM DEC. 1, TO DEC. 20, 1872.

MRS. HOMER BARTLETT, TREASURER.

MAINE.

Auburn. - Aux., Mrs. H. B. Pulsifer, Sec., \$6.50.

Rockland. — Aux. to constitute Mrs. Elizabeth A. Pierce of Erzroom, Turkey, and Mrs. Mary A. Love-joy, L. M's., \$50. Total, \$56.50.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Campton. — Aux., Mrs. E. Bartlett, .
Treas. (of which \$25 to constitute
Mrs. E. H. Hodgdon L. M.), \$38. Claremont. - E. L. Goddard to constitute Mrs. A. B. G. Emerson L.

M., \$25. Conway N. - Mrs. M. C. Merrill, to complete L. M. made by her to

Mrs. Susan M. Eastman, \$5. Hampton. — Aux., for Mrs. wards's school, \$15. Total, \$83.

VERMONT.

Craftsbury N. - Mrs. D. W. Loomis, to constitute Mrs. Sarah E. French

L. M., \$25.

L. M., §29.

Middlebury.— Aux., Mrs. C. H.

Ladd, Treas. (of which to constitute Mrs. Joseph Steele and Mrs.

E. P. Hooker L. M's.), §110; S. S.
(of which for support of Mariam of
Hoghi), §30; Mrs. C. H. Ladd
and Mrs. Carrie K. Webber, for
"Agavan" at Constantinople Home,
\$115.—\$255

*115. — \$255. Montpelier.—Aux., Mrs. A. J. Howe, Treas. for B. R. "Ahilabai," \$35.

Pittsford. - By Mrs. R. T. Hall, ladies of Cong. Soc., to constitute Mrs. Jane A. Powers L. M. \$25.

Rutland. - Aux. Mrs. Nancy Green, Treas, of which to constitute Mrs. L. Daniels, Mrs. E. A. Waller, Mrs. W. B. Mussey, and Mrs. G. M. Haven, L. M's. \$107.50; S. S. Cong. Ch., for Miss Clark's school at Broosa, \$102.55.

St. Johnsbury - S. Cong. Church, by Thos. L. Hall, Treas., \$50.

Vergennes. — Aux., \$107; mission circle, "Cheerful Givers," \$10. — \$117. Total, \$717.15.

C. HOME BUILDING-FUND.

Rutland. - Mrs. C. H. Ladd, \$25; Mrs. H. T. Ketchell, \$25.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston. — Mrs. H. W. Damon, to constitute Mrs. W. W. Thompson of Napa, Cal., L. M. §25; Parkstreet Ch., Mrs. Worcester, §1; Old South Ch., 'L. F. B." monthly contribution, and, with a former one, to constitute Miss Talcott of N. Haven, and Miss L. A. Hale of Salem, L. M's. §30. — \$56. Beverly. — Centreville Mission Circle,

by Miss M. E. Price, \$30.

Braintree E. - Mrs. S. J. Holbrook,

Cambridge. - Shepard Ch. S. S., Mrs. E. S. Johnson's class, "Willing Helpers," \$5.

Dunstable. — Cong. Ch. and Soc., \$3. Greenfield. — Mrs. H. M. Ball, \$5. Hopkinton. — "Little Workers," \$25. Leomister. — Evan. Cong. Ch., \$10. Lynn. — N. Ch. Aux., for Mrs. Edwards's school, \$51.35.

Newton Centre. — Aux.. \$10. Salem. — Tabernacle Ch. S. S., "Will-ing Helpers," for a pupil in Mrs. Edwards's school at Inanda, S. A.,

Springfield. - Young Ladies' Mission Soc., Miss M. C. Calhoun, Treas., \$10.50.

Townsend Centre. - Mrs. M. A. Ber-

tram, Treas., \$60. Winchendon. - Mrs. C. W. Bowker, Treas., \$66.80.

Wrentham. — Aux., additional. \$1. Weymouth. — "Mite for India," \$1. Williamsburg. — Aux., Miss S. M. Carter, Sec.. \$25.

Yarmouth. - Mission-Circle, \$2,22. Total, \$394.87.

C. HOME BUILDING-FUND.

Peabody. - "Morning-Star" Mission-Circle, proceeds of a fair, \$300. Boston. - Chambers - street Chapel Miss. Circles, \$61.33; "A Friend," Central Ch., \$25.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford.—Aux., Mrs. Charles A. Jewell, Treas., Fourth Ch., \$25; Wethersfield-aye. Ch., \$31; Mrs. Wethersfield-ave. Ch., \$31: Mrs. A. Dunham, Park Ch., \$10; Pearl-A. Dunnam, Fark Ch., \$10; Pearistreet Ch., \$106 (of which, by Mrs. E. A. Hubbard, \$25 to constitute Miss Hattie E. Spencer L. M.; \$75 collections to constitute Mrs. Caroline K. Gage, Mrs. Adeline M. Browne, and Mrs. Maria H. Welles L. M's), Center Ch., \$280 (of which by friends to constitute Mrs. E. H.

Richardson L. M.: "A Friend," \$25, to constitute Mrs. Josiah Tyler L. M., Mrs. Isaac Wright, \$25 to constitute herself L. M., and Mrs. Edwin S. House, \$25, to constitute Edwin S. House, \$23, or Constitution herself L. M.), the same also including salary of Miss C. P. Dwight, for 1873, their missionary at Sivas, W. Turkey, \$452.

Prospect. — Cong. Ch., \$9.

Total, \$461.

C. HOME BUILDING-FUND.

Hartford. - Mrs. H. A. Perkins, \$100; Mrs. Joseph Cone, \$20; Mrs. E. G. Howe, \$10; Mrs. William Thompson, \$10; Mrs. Brownal, \$2; Miss Douglass, \$5; Cash, \$16.

NEW YORK.

Brasher Falls. - S. S., for Harpoot Female Seminary, \$10.

Brooklyn. — Mrs. Loomis and Miss
Pratt, for pupil at Harpoot, \$30. Saratoga Springs. — Aux., Mrs. II.
M. Thornton, Treas., \$22.
Total, \$62.

ILLINOIS.

Alton. - "A Friend," \$10.

MINNESOTA.

Hutchinson. - Cong. Ch., \$3.

C. HOME BUILDING-FUND.

Minneapolis. - "M. Y. L." \$5. Subscriptions\$1,787.52 C. Home Building-fund 604.33 Quarterlies, "L. and L."
"Echoes".. 268.50 20.75 Envelopes

Total for month \$2,683 58

Specimen copies of "Echoes" have been sent very generally to superintendents of sabbath schools; and, as the primary work of the Woman's Board is to create a missionary spirit among the young, we trust all our friends will interest themselves to introduce the little magazine into the schools with which they are connected.



CENTRAL TURKEY.

HADJIN WEDDINGS.

BY MRS. J. L. COFFING.

It is the sabbath, and we are quietly reading in the house, when suddenly a noise is heard, and we hurry to the door.

Twenty young men or more are coming down the steep hill, driving before them as many animals, loaded with wood. They are singing the ditties of the country, clapping their hands, and hurrahing: so that their noise has reached us at the distance of half a mile.

What can it all mean? Do you see that tent on a neighboring roof? To-morrow morning there is to be a wedding in that house; and these are friends of the bridegroom, who went with him yesterday for wood. They have stopped now in that turn of the road; and the bridegroom will treat them to strong drink. Then they will make even more noise than before.

One horse with his load has parted from the rest, and approaches the city by a different road. That goes to the house of the bride; the others to the groom's house. This is a custom to which newly-married people even in our own land would not object. Who, under such circumstances, would not welcome a present of fifteen or twenty loads of wood?

"But why do they bring it on the sabbath?" The priests tell them that their weddings are their most holy rites, and that whatever is done for a wedding on the sab-

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bath is lawful. The wood has reached its destination, and the sound of rejoicing is heard in the house: but it has not the sound of innocent joy, of pleasure unmixed with sin; and we turn away in disgust.

It is Monday morning. The first rays of light are just breaking over the hills: what can have waked us at this early hour? There is the sound as of a great hotel-gong and a dozen cow-bells. The priest, and the groom's friends, have come to take the bride to the church.

Two hours have passed, and again the gong is heard. We reach the window just as the crowd is passing. It is headed by the music-makers, and a priest in a long, black robe, with a greasy black cap on his head. Next comes the groom, and at his side the groomsman, a lad of ten or twelve years, who has acted as sponsor at the church. They are dressed in dirty, light-colored silk robes, the property of the church, which have been used for this purpose for years. Next in order comes a crowd of men in their rough, every-day dress, then the women, and last the bride on horseback.

Let us follow them into the home of the groom, and observe the ceremonies, which are the same, it is said, as have been performed on all similar occasions for hundreds of years. The groom has passed up the stairs, and stands at the door, with his hands folded across his breast, looking at the ground. Thus he must stand till the guests are all seated, and the bride has passed into the room beyond.

She has just now entered. Is she handsome? Her face is closely veiled; and even the groom himself cannot answer the question: Friends are preparing the breakfast under the tent. See the display of copper dishes! It would seem useless to try to count them, they are so numerous. Yet we cannot infer from this fact that the family is rich. All the friends, near and more remote, have lent their cop-

per for the occasion. Neither does it imply that a variety of food is provided. The entertainment is a simple one, — merely cracked wheat, with melted butter poured over it. Not a woman is expected to sit down at the table. They will all be served in that dark room. It is considered a great shame for men and women to eat together. Even husband and wife cannot do it. The groom and groomsman must stand at one side, in their silk robes, with their hands folded, and look on.

When the breakfast is over, the bride is brought forth, still closely veiled; and, while an old man plays on a tambourine and sings a low song, she and her maids dance, going through with the most ridiculous motions. The groom in the mean time is taken into the room, and stands peeping through a crack in the door. An old man now steps forward, and sings out, "A thousand blessings to her be given! Here her mother gives four pounds to the handful." He then lets fall a handful of small coins, the whole not amounting to a sixpence in value. In a few moments, he lets fall another handful on her head, saying, "A thousand blessings to her be given! Here her brother gives four pounds to the handful." Thus he goes through the whole list of her friends; and the tambourine-player picks up the small coins, and thus gets his pay. This goes on at intervals, day and night, for three days.

Weddings seldom take place in the town, except in the months of July and August; but they are very numerous during these two months. The headman told me, that, when he was married, there were eight other couples standing on the floor, besides those that were married in the other churches the same morning.

When will these superstitious ceremonies give place to Christian services? these low ditties to holy songs? How shall the change be brought about? The means to be used are plain; but I must leave them for another letter.

EUROPEAN TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MRS. MUMFORD.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter, addressed by Mrs. Mumford of Samokov to our auxiliary in Oberlin, O., under date of Sept. 30, 1872:—

"Two of the missionaries have just returned from a tour of four weeks among the different villages and cities where our booksellers have been, and where more or less of the truth has been preached. They are encouraged by what they saw and heard of the progress of the work. In Merechleri, where there was persecution last spring, the Lord's truth is marching right on. One whole ward of the city is now Protestant; and the meetings are so fully attended, that a larger room must be provided for them. We learn from a bookseller who has just come in from a tour, that in another large village, where much seed has been sown, persecution has begun. Will you not pray for these two places, that those who are now called to suffer for Christ's sake may stand firm? If they will only stand, the Lord will pour out his grace in great power upon the people; and their 'righteousness will go forth as a lamp that burneth.' We have never seen it fail here. But, if they are fearful and fall, the light becomes darkness, - darkness that can be felt, as it were.

"The missionaries report, that, in almost every place visited by them, the women plead for a Bible-woman to come and read the Word to them. How my heart swells at the vastness of the field and the blessedness of the work! It seems to me, that, while learning the language, I am in the position of Paul before he received his sight. I wonder if he did not feel that he could hardly endure to stay idle so long. I am exceedingly anxious that these girls under our care should feel the importance of the work they are to do for this people."

JAPAN.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO MISSIONARY EFFORT.

A YOUNG missionary in Japan writes as follows of the joy she finds in her new life: —

"The little taste of missionary work which we have had in our morning prayers has made it easy for me to understand how very hard it must be for a missionary to tear himself away from his work. You do not know how different the Bible seems as we read it with those who hear it for the first time. The words have been so familiar to us from the time we were little children, that, as we read them, we do not take in their full meaning; but, when trying to give them to another in a strange tongue, we get many new thoughts for ourselves, and realize more than ever before, that the Bible can never become an old book."

The following extract from a letter dated Nov. 1 is of special interest, as illustrating the progress of ideas in that land, and the confidence felt by some, at least, in our missionaries:—

"Yesterday we received a call from the Daisakan, the fifth yaconin in rank in this region. He is very anxious that we should take his little son, eight years old, into our family, and bring him up as we would our own children, keeping him with us ten years, and teaching him as well as we can the Christian religion. He hopes that by that time he will understand enough about it to teach his own countrymen. A few years ago, I imagine, no Japanese official would have made a similar request."

Pome Bepartment.

WE have received from our auxiliary in Elyria, O., a very interesting and suggestive report of the work of that society during the last year. Their annual meeting was held Dec. 13. One of the officers writes of it as follows: "Our meeting was attended by more than a hundred ladies. including several from Oberlin, Cleveland, East Cleveland, Milan, Vermilion, and other towns in the vicinity. Mrs. Haskell of Eski Zagra spoke to us for an hour, telling of her ten years in Bulgaria, and showing us how hopeful and blessed is the work of the missionary, entering as it were, even now, into the inheritance by sharing the Master's work. She spoke of the need of more missionaries, urging the subject on those present, though with hesitation, she said; since the call must come from the Spirit, who would lead to a true and righteous decision any soul who would listen to his pleadings. Delegates from other societies spoke briefly; but one short afternoon seemed to pass all too quickly."

Our correspondent adds, "I have secured thirteen more subscribers for 'Life and Light' this week, and that was by no great exertion, — only carrying my pencil and paper to a sewing-society, where we were preparing clothes for Sunday-school scholars, and asking such ladies as I met to take it."

Are there not others who will at least do as much as this for increasing the circulation of our magazine? We ask it that the many Christian women connected with our Western churches, who have never yet heard of the openings and calls for their assistance in spreading the gospel in heathen lands, may become united with us in heart and in active effort.

HAVE YOU A BOX?

A COLLECTOR in one of our auxiliaries said to a lady friend the other day, "I am getting quite discouraged about our society. We have not made up the salary for our missionary, and so many are excusing themselves, at this holiday season, from their monthly payments."

"Oh, don't be disheartened!" exclaimed the other. "The salary must be all paid, everybody agrees to that; and there is something in our box that can go towards it."

"What is your box?"

"Why, we always keep a box into which each one of the family puts a penny, a quarter, or a dime, whenever it can be spared, for general benevolent purposes; and it is very convenient in emergencies. Of course, this is all aside from our regular contributions: we design it for special calls."

"A very good plan," said the collector. "I will suggest it to others." And when her friend, at their next meeting, handed her two dollars as an extra contribution from "the box," it was so practical a proof of the excellence of the plan, that it seemed worth while to give it wider mention.

Some time since, in another family, the little daughter wished to join the Ladies' Society, whose meetings she often attended with her mother (they had no Children's Band). But she did not know how she could earn the dollar, so that it should be her "very own" to give. Her mother provided a pretty box, promising that each of the family would occasionally contribute, and allowing her to tell their intimate friends, as they came in, the object of this new mantle-ornament. A few months afterward, on the child's birthday, the box was opened, and all but a few cents of the requisite amount found within, — all, too, in small bits; a fifteen-cent scrip being the largest piece. So Susy's membership was her birthday-gift.

Try it, friends. There is practical truth, as well as shrewd sense, in the old Scotch proverb, "Many a little makes a mickle."

It teaches the children too. If they regularly and habitually give of their own, they will not fail to learn for what they are thus denying themselves, and what are the needs of those to whom they give. Let the habit of benevolence be fixed in youth, and there will not be the ignorance of after years which is at present one of the hardest obstacles we have to encounter and overcome in our home work.

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR.

FROM DEC. 1, TO DEC. 21, 1872.

MRS. FRANCIS BRADLEY, TREASURER.

OHIO.

Painesville. - Aux., Mrs. Ella D. Everett, Treas., \$21.

MICHIGAN.

East Saginaw. - Aux., for support of Miss Diament, Mrs. A. L. Coats, Treas., \$112.

Hudson. - Aux., for support of Bible-Reader in Marash (in connection with the Royal Oak Aux.), Mrs. B. D. Conkling, Treas., \$11.

Total. \$123.

ILLINOIS.

Alton.—Church of Redeemer, Aux., for support of Bible-Reader in Harpoot, Mrs. Whittlesey, Treas., \$17. (thicago.—First Church Aux., for support of Miss Patrick, Mrs. Yates, Treas., \$55; 47th-street Ch., Aux., Mrs. L. C. Purington, Treas., \$16.20; New-Eagland Church, Aux. for support of Miss Chapin, Mrs. Max Hiortsberg, Treas., \$26.86. Max Hjortsberg, Treas., \$26.80.

Hyde Park. - "Busy Gleaners," for Bible-Reader and pupil in Harpoot, by Mrs. S. P. Farrington, \$75.

Peru. — Aux., Mrs. E. M. Brewster,
Treas., \$6.72.

Total, \$196.7 Total, \$196.72.

WISCONSIN.

Bloomington. — Aux., Mrs. E. C. Tracey, Treas., \$5. Whitewater. — Aux., for support of Miss Taylor of Madura, Miss M. V. Hall, Treas., \$45. Total, \$50.

Oscaloosa. — Aux., Mrs. Kate A. Trask, Treas., \$36. Polk City. — Aux., Mrs. C. W. Rogers. Treas., \$6. Waterloo. — Aux., to be applied to the support of Mrs. Coffing's school in Margab, and in a Bible Recoduling.

in Marash, and to a Bible-Reader in Zeitoon, Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, Treas., \$47.19.

Wittemberg — Aux., Miss Dorcas D. Hanger, Treas., \$9.60. Total, \$98.79. l'otal, \$489.51.



LIFE AND LIGHT.

FEB. PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1873.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKERS.

BY MISS SEYMOUR.

F you should hear the happy voices of our Harpoot school-girls, as I do now, you would not think they needed very much pity. It is Saturday; and they are as busy as bees, washing, sweeping, and cooking. I never saw so many girls together, where there was such perfect harmony. All last year and this, not one came to us with a complaint against another.

I had forgotten — two girls came to our room not long ago, with very sad faces, having been deputed by the others to tell us what they thought we ought to know. A new scholar had been taking their things, and then telling lies to screen herself. They said they had talked and prayed with her; but they finally felt, that, for the good of the school, it ought to be known. Kohar, the native teacher who stays with the girls, said she wondered at the kindness and wisdom they showed in dealing with her. This has been the the first case of theft since I have been here; and I hope it will be the last.

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THE IDOL PULLIAR.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

This is a Hindu idol, known in the missions of Southern India as Pulliar, or the god of wisdom, and in Northern India, as Ganecha. Sitting in state like this, or perched on a stone just within the barred door of a little temple, or dumped down by the roadside, grim and greasy with dust and oil, it may always be known by its elephant's head and trunk. Whether hidden behind the closed door, or in sight by the roadside, the devout Hindu always folds his hands in worship as he passes by it.

This is the idol-god that presides over the schools of India. Think of school-boys, with their Palmyra-leaf school-books slung over their shoulders, running along to school, and stopping in their talk to pay worship to such an uncouth image as this! This idol sits, also, in a niche at one end of the schoolroom; and each boy, as he enters, pays salute to it. As a boy takes up his arithmetic, he offers a prayer to Pulliar that he may be helped to learn and remember the thirty Palmyra-leaf pages of this study.

On special occasions, the people may be seen breaking cocoanuts before this idol, and pouring the fragrant milk over his hideous head. You may sometimes see a family making a feast to it. One has put a garland of the white jessamine over its neck; another has filled the air with the fragrance of the burning sandal-wood taper. When the feast has been prepared, a small portion is set before the idol, which the crows take away with a grateful caw.

At night the priest lights the arch of lamps above the idol's head. In a little temple, one dim lamp burns all the night; and the roadside god is left in darkness. Better if

all the idols were left in darkness, or buried from sight for-

This Hindu mother is teaching her child to kneel down, and put its hands together in worship, just as your mother teaches you to pray to your heavenly Father. The heathen child has no sweet Bible-stories to tell him of the dear Saviour. It is all darkness to him, until some one brings the Bible to him, and teaches him to love the only true God.

TURKISH SCENES.

NUMBER TWO.

BY MISS M. G. HOLLISTER.

In my last I left my little friends in Aintab, at the seminary.

Now we will start out on a trip to the mountain villages. With faces set toward the sunlit, snowy peaks, off on our galloping horses, over the plains where the oleander, syringa, and morning-glories grow,—oh! that will be fine indeed! But wait one moment. Here's our bedding to pack, a whole tableful of food and cooking-utensils to find a place for on the back of some of these restless mules; and you yourselves, brave as you may be, won't ride the prancing little pony, but fix yourselves in those boxes swung across the animal's back. Those are mafas, as the native people call them,—just large enough for one to ride in each. As we start down the street, and the assistant teacher appears round the corner, "There go the mirabets (nuns), and here comes the mirabet's old shoe," sings out one of our street-boy friends, and then, quicker than

thought, dodges out of sight to the tune, "The gowers are coming."

And now, after many escapes, having been swung against the walls of the narrow streets, and nearly upset by a donkey-train, with a few scratches and bruises we are safe on the plain, with a long day's journey before us. The first hour or two there is some joking and laughing; but finally we all settle down into the caravan-rate of travel. Hour after hour we creep along over the plain, up and down the long limestone hills, till we are all glad to come in sight of a village, where we may rest for the night. When we dismount, groups of ragged men, women, and children stand around our company, looking on in stupid wonder. are rough people, who never heard of the Saviour, - such people as he used to see, no doubt, when he was on earth Many of them are shepherds; but they don't know that just as they themselves go out on the mountains, and call their sheep around them to keep them from harm, the good Shepherd is trying to call them to himself. And, if we begin to tell them of this, they will shrug their shoulders, and turn away, or begin to dispute about a few paras of money.

But we must think of what we are to do for the night. The only place we have is a house made of straw, or, at best, a room with walls, floor, and roof of mud, with a hole in the centre for the smoke to escape. With our travelling-beds set up amid the noisy villagers, the horses, and the mules, we try to sleep; but damp bedding and the insects keep our weary eyelids wide open, till morning light tells us it is time to be on our way again. Such nights as this, when I have listened to the barking of the dogs, and the scolding of the women, how often have I thought, that, if the children of America could see these people as I see them, they would forget to be discontented and disobedient, since

God has given them such pleasant homes and kind parents.

With all the clamor they contrive to make night and day, you will never hear a joyous, ringing laugh from any one of them. Think of that, children, who laugh and play from morning till night, — think what a gloomy life they must lead, with never a kind word or a winning smile from a gentle mother! Think what it would be to be in their places, and what you can do to help them out of such a life into something higher and better!

MISSION-CIRCLES.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Vernont. — Rutland. — Congregational Sabbath School, \$102.55. Vergennes. — " Cheerful Givers," \$10.00.

MASSACHUSETTS. — Beverly. — Centreville Mission-Circle, \$30.00.

Boston. — Chambers-street Chapel, Mission-Circles, \$61,33. Cambridge. — "Willing Helpers," \$5.00.

Hopkinton. — "Little Workers," \$25.00

Peabody. - " Morning Stars," \$300.00.

Salem. — "Willing Helpers," \$30.00.

Yarmouth. - Mission-Circle, \$2.22.

NEW YORK. - Brasher Falls. - Sabbath School, \$10.00.

MISSION-WORKERS.

Among the best of our mission-circles, we can most truly say, are the "Mission-Workers," in Putnam, Conn. Real little workers they are too, if we may judge from

the results that come to us now and then. Their last undertaking was a very pleasant sale: and we think they must understand how to work among the hearts of their friends; for their letter says, "We opened our doors at half-past seven, and in two hours every article was gone from the tables. We hoped to realize twenty-five dollars; but, to our great delight, we send you fifty-four."

Just about a year ago they had a very successful entertainment, an account of which we have had quite a long time, trying to find a place for it in "Echoes." Now that the merry Christmas holidays are over, we doubt not many little people are wishing to do something for their mission-circle. We give the programme the "Mission-Workers" used, thinking it may be of some assistance.

PART FIRST.

Onward, Christian Soldier	s					Chor	us.
In School-Days					. R	ecitatio	m.
Soldiers for Jesus .						Chor	us.
A Trap to catch a Sunbear	m	٠.			$\cdot R$	ecitati	on.
Sunbeams				Tr	io ana	! Chor	us.
Recording Angels .					. 1	Dialogi	ıe.
The Children's Temple							

PART SECOND.

Merry Songs		. ′	Solo	and	Chorus.
Lift up your Voice			Solo	and	Chorus.
The Chamois-Hunter .				. Re	citation.
From Highways and Hedges	3 .				Chorus.
Reading of Report					
Contribution Song			Solo	and	Chorus.
The Parable of the Virgins					
The Best Use of a Penny .				. Re	citation.
The Band of Virtues					
We are Marching Onward .					Chorus.

Cheerfully Gibe.

BY MRS. C. B. DANA.

Now let us for Afric's and India's need Our pennics most cheerfully give; Supporting the schools that the children may read: Cheerfully, cheerfully give!

Chorus. — Cheerfully, gratefully, lovingly give
For children less favored than we;
Obeying the golden rule Jesus has given,
Whose love is so boundless and free.

How burdened these children to mission-schools go!
Cheerfully, cheerfully give!
No wonder their progress in letters is slow:
Cheerfully, cheerfully give!
Chorus — Cheerfully, gratefully, lovingly give, &c.

Their patient school-teacher, with loving heart full,
Has left her bright home far away,
To carry to India the home and the school:
For all mission-teachers we pray.
Chorus. — Cheerfully, gratefully, lovingly pray, &c.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 2, 3, 15, 1, 2, 3, 10, are the children for whom we are laboring.

My 15, 5, 10, 1, 11, 14, is a city of which we have recently heard.

My 2, 9, 4, 3, and my 4, 9, 1, 2, 3, 12, are beautiful words not found in heathen tongues.

My 12, 9, 6, 15, 12, 13, is used by little Spanish girls in their prayers.

My 4, 11, 2, 9, 4, 3, 1, was the founder of a great religion.

My 17, 9, 12, 11, 16, is used by his followers for a Bible.

My 10, 15, 1, 8, 9, 16, 7, are those whom Christ commanded us to teach.

My whole is a place to invest pennies, where interest is returned a hundred-fold.



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